

INTERESTING EVENTS.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF OUR EXCHANGES.

A Potpourri of Humor, Current Comments and Business Notes—Interesting Bits News.

The Florida state teachers' association will meet in Orlando Dec. 29 to Jan. 1.

You Know What You Are Taking.

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chilli Tonic, because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay, 50 cents. (1)

The Sultan of Babel has decided to sit quietly down and wait to be captured and led to the rathons.

The Best Prescription for Malaria, Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chilli Tonic. It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay, Price 50 cents. (1)

"Some folks religion is a mighty queer thing," says Brother Dickey. "For instance, it won't let 'em read de Sunday newspaper 'twel Monday mawnin'!"

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. Price, 25 cents. (1)

Col. T. J. Watkins, of Nocatee, is already making plans for an extensive exhibit at the big fair at St. Louis.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents. (1)

What the modern ship navigator needs is a safety anchor and something to anchor to.

Smith's Nerve Restorer

This medicine is guaranteed to cure all cases of Nervous Prostration caused by overwork. It is a true Nerve Tonic and restores Nervous Vitality or Loss of Manhood. It will not only relieve these nervous troubles and weaknesses, but will restore them to full vigor and manhood. Guaranteed and sold by W. A. Roberts

Mrs. Molloy is living in luxury in Sioux Falls until her divorce ripens. But who is furnishing the luxury now?

The Only Guaranteed Kidney Cure

is Smith's Sure Kidney Cure. Your druggist will refund your money if after taking one bottle you are not satisfied with results. 50 cents at W. A. Roberts.

General Miles will encircle the globe. We have always suspected he had designs on the whole earth.

If You Can't Sleep At Night

use Smith's Nerve Restorer. It is a true Nerve Tonic. Will cure any case of Nervous Prostration; does not contain opium in any form. Sold by W. A. Roberts.

The treaty of peace in Panama was hailed with delight by both sides. If it had not come just as it did doubtless both sides would have surrendered.

Don't be imposed upon by taking substitutes for Foley's Honey and Tar. For sale by B. M. Wade & Co.

Congressman-elect Jackson, of Ohio, is a very smart politician. Besides getting elected he won enough hoochie to pay all of his campaign expenses.

Foley's Honey and Tar positively cures all throat and lung diseases. Refuse substitutes. For sale by B. M. Wade & Co.

If Cannon gets the speakership it isn't hard to guess who will be the man behind the gun.

A kidney or bladder trouble can all ways be cured by using Foley's Kidney Cure in time. For sale by B. M. Wade & Co.

Football gets its name from the fact that the feet of the players are almost continually in the air.

Boy's Life Saved From Stomachicous Cramp

C. W. Lynch, a prominent citizen of Winchester, Ind., writes, "My little boy had a severe attack of stomachicous cramp, and only got relief after taking Foley's Honey and Tar. He got relief after taking one dose and I feel that it saved the life of my boy." Refuse substitutes. For sale by B. M. Wade & Co.

The president need not exercise such care in putting the finishing touches on his message. The paraphraser will do that.

A Thousand Dollars' Worth of Good.

A. H. Thurman, a well known coal operator of Buffalo, O., writes: "I have been afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble for years passing gravel or stones with excruciating pain. I got no relief from medicines until I began taking Foley's Kidney Cure, then the result was surprising. A few doses started the brick dows like fine stones and now I feel like a new man. It has done me a thousand worth of good." For sale by B. M. Wade & Co.

Bridle your tongue and you saddle your temper.

Coughs, Colds and Constipation.

Few people realize when taking cough medicine other than Foley's Honey and Tar, that they contain opiates which are constipating besides being unsafe, particularly for children. Foley's Honey and Tar contains no opiates. Is safe and sore and will not constipate. For sale by B. M. Wade & Co.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1901, by Martha McCulloch-Williams

"No! Can't do it, dear boy! Sorry, but 'pon my life I simply can't." Ridgeley said, nodding solemnly and blinking like an owl. Ridgeley was forty-five, bilious, bulbous, with a fortune swollen to match his bulk and a fondness for spending his money in strictly his own ways.

The room was deadly still. Trewnick started a little at the click of a coal crackling in the grate. He got up, stood with his back to the fire, so his telltale light could not reach his face as he said, with the least little shrug:

"That must be as you please. I wonder, though, if you quite realize what your refusal must mean to me?"

For a moment Ridgeley sat silent; then his hand went to the bell, and he said half querulously: "Say what, my boy? You must have a brace—two braces—before you go down to the street. Beasley place anyway! It's a shame you ever went into it."

"It will be a black shame my getting out of it," Trewnick said grimly. Then, his voice shaking with passion: "Ridgeley, surely you—don't understand it. It is all true, every word I told you. To save myself from beggary I used another man's money without his knowledge. Unless—unless I replace it before he does know I shall go behind the bars—that is, if I let myself live. You know I would never do that."

"Cut the whole wretched mess! I'll lend you five hundred," Ridgeley began.

Trewnick's face got gray. Something seemed to clutch his throat. Unconsciously he stood a thought straighter.

"A Trewnick never yet ran away from anything," he began, then dropped his face in his hands, saying huskily, "nor stole until I disgraced the blood."

"Cheer up! You—you make me nervous," Ridgeley said, nodding again and settling the big diamond upon his chest from where it would catch a brighter gleam of freelight.

FREE INFORMATION. For full, complete and reliable information as to rates, schedules, sleeping car service etc., to any point not mentioned here, call on or address S. P. COLLIER, JR., D. P. A., Atlantic Coast Line, Tampa, Fla.

A Timely Topic.

At this season of coughs and colds it is well to know that Foley's Honey and Tar is the greatest throat and lung remedy. It cures quickly and prevents serious results from a cold. For sale by B. M. Wade & Co.

The East Coast railroads are giving a three cents a mile rate, and the people in this neck of the woods think it is about time for other railroads to follow suit.

Report from the Reform School.

J. G. Gluck, Superintendent, Pruntytown, W. Va., writes: "After trying all other advertised cough medicines we have decided to use Foley's Honey and Tar exclusively in the West Virginia Reform School. I find it the most effective and absolutely harmless. For sale by B. M. Wade & Co."

The president's message has been polished off and is now ready for congress, and congress is compelled by law to listen to it.

Favorite Family Remedy.

Frequently accidents occur in the households when cause burns, cuts, sprains and bruises; for use in such cases, Ballard's Snow Liniment has for many years been the constant favorite family remedy. 25c and 50c. For sale by B. M. Wade & Co.

It looks just now that the hotels of Florida will have all they can do to accommodate the immense tourist travel to the State this winter.

He Found a Cure.

R. H. Foster, 318 S. 3d St., Salt Lake City, writes: "I have been bothered with dyspepsia or indigestion for 21 years, have tried many doctors without relief, but I have found a cure in Berbine. I recommend it to all my friends who are afflicted that way, and it is curing them, too. 50c at B. M. Wade & Co."

Billy Hearst is not to be outdone. He has bought a Washington newspaper and will at once establish competition with The Congressional Record.

Ballard's Horehound Syrup

Immediately relieves hoarse, croupy cough, oppressed, rattling, rasping and difficult breathing. Henry C. Stearns, druggist, Shullsburg, Wis., writes, May 20, 1901: "I have been selling Ballard's Horehound Syrup for two years, and have never had a preparation that has given better satisfaction. I notice that when I sell a bottle, they come back for more. I can honestly recommend it. 25c and 50c at B. M. Wade & Co."

The news that Teddy will continue his war on the trusts is equal to the information that Sampson was in the thick of the fight at Santiago.

Coughing Spell Caused Death.

"Harry Duckwell, aged 25 years, choked to death early yesterday morning at his home, in the presence of his wife and child. He contracted a slight cold a few days ago and paid little attention to it. Yesterday morning he was seized with a fit of coughing which continued for some time. His wife sent for a physician, but before he could arrive, another coughing spell came on and Duckwell died from suffocation.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Dec. 1, 1901." Ballard's Horehound Syrup would have saved him. 25c and 50c at B. M. Wade & Co.

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UPON the least occasion his refinement was positively riotous. A ruby, almost priceless, glimmered upon his hand. He turned the stone, glanced complacently at it and called to his man, who came noiselessly through the door, "Two fifty cents, Jenkins! Don't make 'em good behind Jenkins! 'Pon me soul, dear boy, I'd like to see you through, but twenty thousand! It would be downright immoral to risk so much money. Why, that would keep a yacht in commission almost a season through!"

Trewnick turned to the window. Outside the tide of life in the avenue was at flood. It was turning 12 o'clock. He had until 3 to make good his balances. If only he could make good, he was sure the next day would find him in the flood tide of fortune. There was a flicker, semipalmated market. He stood to win the stake of his life if only he could keep above water until the tide turned. Nothing short of that imminent hazard would have brought him to Ridgeley.

Ridgeley had seemed to him these twenty years past, ever since he came suddenly into great riches, as not much more than a human clot, wholly unlike the slow witted yet gallant lad who had been his chum at college. Because of that semicontemptuous regard he had never sought to profit by old time intimacy with the bachelor millionaire. Trewnick wondered dully as he looked at him how it came about that he was a bachelor. It could not be that old boy and girl affair with his sister May.

May had been dead this twenty years and more. She had died indeed before her wedding gown was out of fashion. Judge Barton, her rich old husband, had mourned her deeply, but not enough to keep him from exacting unrelenting interest for every loan he made Trewnick nor from turning him out of doors when the debts and the interest ate up the family estate. The judge's widow lived there now, with her healthy young son to come after her. May's child had not lived. Some boy Trewnick felt that as a sort of special punishment to himself. He had virtually made the match for his sister. He was worldly, even case hardened, but still he did not like to recall her eyes when he had said to her:

"Of course you'll marry the judge. You are the luckiest girl I know to have the chance of him. Think what it would be to put up with an ordinary dull fellow—say with poor old Ridgeley." And then he had stopped short, for May had run away, with her head high, but her cheeks like ashes.

It all came back to him as he stood beside the window watching the vivid human stream without. Stealthily he turned and looked Ridgeley over, trying to recall in his unwieldy bulk the open features, the manly, fair proportions of his old college mate. A vague, keen anguish shot through him. Why was his life so crisscrossed? Why everything one laid hold on futile? If fortune needs must come to Ridgeley, why not have come in time? He was sensible it had been pride and poverty that had kept Ridgeley from speaking out. In the old days Ridgeley had had nothing beyond the promise of his very moderate wit. His uncle, who had educated him, could barely tolerate him until his own son died and left poor Ridgeley alone to inherit the millions. That was a month after May's marriage. She had not been dead six months when Ridgeley was in possession of the big estate.

If those two had married! Trewnick dashed a hand across his eyes. He was mooning there, with life itself at stake. Ridgeley was his last hope, and Ridgeley had failed him. He had humbled himself to supplication. He could not do it again. He was learning that there are things very harder than death. All that remained now for him was to make an end of things as quickly and as decently as possible.

As noiselessly as by magic two tall, foaming goblets had appeared. Ridgeley motioned him to come and take

one of them, himself eagerly carrying the other to his lips with a mumbled, "Here's luck!" Suddenly Trewnick was conscious of raging thirst. He snatched his glass at a draft and set it down, clinking it lightly against the masonry above tray. Ridgeley beamed viciously on him. "Really, you'll agree Jenkins has a touch," he said. "Move another! Do! It—it'll set you up so near the clouds you won't come down again until tomorrow."

Trewnick shook his head. "I must keep away from the clouds," he said. "You know how I used to build castles there. I have never built one—since May died."

Ridgeley set down his glass. This time the quiver rang underneath it. "It's odd about us three," he said, speaking very low. "May was the only one to marry. I wonder how we happened not to?"

"Oh, I've always had too little money and you too much," Trewnick said, turning toward the door. "So long, old man! Get over the caution of a capitalist and marry before it's too late."

"Stop! Are you going back down there?" Ridgeley asked, nodding in the direction of the street. Trewnick shook his head. "No use. I cannot afford anything," he said. "I think I shall go to my club for an hour. After that—well, I have not quite decided."

"Come back," Ridgeley said. "I—I want to talk to you. I—I haven't been quite square with you. It isn't the money I mind. But—you were not square with me—in the old time, you know. May—I love her. I love her yet. And you—you came between us. So I've wanted to get even, you know. I knew you'd come to me some time. Oh, I'm not quite such a fool as I look! You—you kept me from getting what I wanted most in the world. Now—the score's even—and I—and I can't be glad."

"You have done right. I was a cur to come to you, knowing what I did," Trewnick said thickly. "I cannot ask your pardon, because I cannot pardon myself. I crossed your path because I loved my sister and was ambitious for her. By the light I had I was right!"

"Yes. You were right," Ridgeley said, dropping his head upon the table, with a sigh that was half a sob. "I had nothing and wasn't much myself. But, oh, if you had let me have May I—I feel—as though I—I might have conquered the world."

"Goodbye!" Trewnick said huskily, again moving toward the door. Half way he turned back. Ridgeley still sat with his head on the table. Trewnick went up to him and said in his ear, "Will you do one thing for me, Ridgeley?"

"What is it?" Ridgeley asked, without stirring.

"To keep this while you live and destroy it before you die," Trewnick said, slipping a golden oval into his hand. "May's miniature," he began. "I cannot bear to have it found on me and maybe exploited as the most sensational feature of the case. There will be noise and dirt enough in it anyway. I don't want it to touch her, yet I could not destroy this myself."

"I would kill you if you did," Ridgeley cried, clutching the picture and carrying it to his lips. "May, darling," he moaned, "they shall not take you away from me again. I have cried night after night because I could not remember you—your eyes, your lips and all. Now I will not give you up for millions—all the millions in the world."

"There is no need. Goodbye," Trewnick said, with his hand upon the latch. Ridgeley almost belloved after him, "Come back!"

His checkbook lay upon the table beside him. With a shaking hand he scribbled his name upon a leaf and tossed it blank to Trewnick.

"All that in for what you like," he said. "So; don't thank me. Only come back as soon as you have things straight."

Trewnick walked away as one blind, seeing all things through a mist, but his spirit was enlightened.

True Generosity.

A charming story of the late queen of England, vouched for by Mr. A. F. Story, is told in the "Childhood of Queen Victoria." It is so consistent with the queen's known kindness of heart that it speaks for its own truth.

The Princess Victoria had set her heart on buying a doll she had seen in a shop window, but her mother, the Duchess of Kent, would not let her buy it until her next allowance of pocket money was due.

At last the day came, and the princess, sitting at the table, put over the six bright shillings and got the long coveted doll.

On coming out of the shop with her treasure in her arms the princess encountered a wretched miserly tramp, who plucked up courage enough to ask for help. The princess hesitated a moment; then, realizing that she no longer had any money left for the doll, she returned to the shopkeeper and gave him back the doll. He gave her the 6 shillings, promising also to keep the doll for her for a few days.

Then the little lady hurried out of the shop and thrust the whole of the money into the hands of the beggar.

Regeneration of the Parrot.

One day a man who had had considerable experience with parrots happened to come in, and when I complained of the bird's loquacity he said: "Why don't you get an owl? You get an owl and hang him up close to that parrot's cage, and in about two days you'll find that your bird's dead sick of unprofitable conversation."

Well, I got a small owl and put him in a cage close to the parrot's cage. The parrot began by trying to dazzle the owl with his conversation, but it wouldn't work. The owl sat and looked at the parrot just as solemn as a minister whose salary has been cut down, and after a while the parrot tried him with Spanish. It wasn't of any use. Not a word would the owl let on to understand. Then the parrot tried bragging and laid himself out to make the owl believe that of all the parrots in existence he was the ablest. But he couldn't turn a feather of the owl.

The noble bird sat silent as the gray and looked at the parrot as if to say, "This indeed is a melancholy exhibition of imbecility." Well, before night that parrot was so ashamed of himself that he closed for repairs, and from that day forth he never spoke an unnecessary word. Such gentlemen, in the force of example, is the worst of birds.—W. L. Alden.

TO CURE CORNS.

A Few Remedies, Cheap and Simple, and Involving No Danger.

When the feet are pressed into tight fitting shoes—high heels make the pressure greater—by adding friction we have a needlelike point formed in the skin, and the greater the pressure the deeper the point will grow. The best preventive remedy known is really to go barefooted, but since this is not considered ethical in civilized life I will give a few simple remedies which may be of some value for the afflicted:

First.—Place on the corn a piece of cold, moist linen folded several times, wrap it up in dry linen, then go to bed. With this treatment the hard epidermis swells up, and after six or eight hours the outer covering of the corn can be removed with a dull knife. When this treatment has been followed for three or four days, a small needlelike growth (the kernel) can be extracted without pain or bleeding. By washing the feet often in cold water the tender place will heal rapidly. After getting rid of this corn it is well to wear shoes which are neither too large nor too small so as to avoid excessive pressure or friction.

Second.—In place of the linen a crust of bread soaked in vinegar may be applied.

Third.—The best application is to soak a whole onion twenty-four hours in vinegar, then apply one of the layers of the onion to the corn and keep it in place by a bandage through the night. After repeating this procedure a few times the corn can be removed without any trouble. By either of these simple applications this troublesome ailment can be removed without any danger of blood poison and "free of charge."—St. Louis Republic.

FLORIDA STATE DIRECTORY

Governor—W. B. Jennings.
Secretary of State—H. Clay Crawford.
Comptroller—A. C. Croom.
Attorney General—Wm. B. Lamar.
Treasurer—J. B. Whitfield.
Superintendent Public Instruction—W. N. Shatt.

Commissioner of Lands—H. E. McLean.
Adjutant General—J. C. R. Foster.
United States Senators—Stephen R. Mallory and J. P. Taliaferro.
Representatives—S. M. Sparkman and R. W. Davis.

DeSoto County Directory.

Judge Circuit Court—Jos. B. Wall.
Clerk Circuit Court—H. E. Carlton.
Sheriff—T. E. Fielder.
Tax Collector—J. R. Sandlin.
Tax Assessor—F. M. Cooper.
Treasurer—F. E. Parker.
County Judge—A. E. Posser.
Superintendent Schools—M. F. Giddens.
Representative—R. E. Brown.

Punta Gorda Directory.

Mayor—A. C. Freeman.
Marshal—J. H. Bowman.
Clerk and Assessor—W. B. Hedges.
Collector—Chas. Smith.
Treasurer—A. A. Roberts.
Justice of the Peace—F. K. Adams. Rule day: first Monday; trial day, third Monday in each month.

Council meets in regular session on the first Tuesday of each month.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Northern Mail—Arrives 1.50 a m daily; departs 4.00 p m daily.
South Bound—Leaves Punta Gorda by coast for St. James, Sanibel, Punta Hessa and Myers at 7 a. m. daily except Sunday; returning arrives at 5 p. m.

Grove City and Englewood—Departs daily by boat at 7 a. m. arrives at 3 p. m.
Charlotte Harbor and Harbor View—Departs daily by boat at 7 a. m.; arrives at 3.15 p. m.

JOSHUA MIZELL, Postmaster

Churches and Societies.

Episcopal Church, Rev. T. J. Purdue, rector. Services at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. on the first and third Sundays; Sunday school at 2.45 o'clock each Sunday afternoon.

Presbyterian—Rev. C. H. Ferran, pastor. Services second and fourth Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 3.30. Prayer meeting 7.30 p. m. Thursdays.

Methodist—Rev. H. W. Joyner, pastor. Services at 7 p. m. every Sunday and at 11 a. m. on the first and third Sundays at the Punta Gorda church; Sunday school every Sunday 10 a. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday evening of each week. Epworth League meets every Sunday 8.30 p. m. Charlotte Harbor Methodist church—Services at 7 p. m. on second and fourth Sundays and at 7 p. m. on Saturdays previous.

Punta Gorda Baptist Church—Sunday school at 8.00 p. m. every Sunday. Prayer meeting every Tuesday night.
Seventh-day Adventist sabbath school 10 o'clock.

Masonic—Punta Gorda Lodge No. 115, F & A. M. Meets on Friday before second Saturday of each month in Masonic hall. J. M. Samuel, W. M.; R. L. Earnest, Sec.

Order of the Eastern Star—DeSoto Chapter No. 10—Meets every third Friday of each month in Masonic Hall. Mrs. Joshua Mizell, Worthy Matron; Dr. J. M. Samuel, Worthy Patron; Mrs. A. C. Freeman, Secretary.

Pythian—Tarpion Lodge No. 39, K of P. Meets on Wednesday night of each week in Masonic hall. H. L. Blakely, C. C.; A. Roe, K. of R. & S.

Woodmen of the World—DeSoto Camp No. 19. Meets in Masonic Hall second and fourth Thursdays. F. B. Pitt, C. C.

Red Men—Mishka Tribe, No. 25, meets in Masonic Hall every Monday night.
B. M. Wade, C. of R.

Punta Gorda Brass Band—Meets Tuesday and Friday nights of each week. M. V. Williams, Secretary.

KIDNEY DISEASES

are the most fatal of all diseases.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is a Guaranteed Remedy

or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles.

PRICE 50c and \$1.00.



I have had occasion to use your Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine and am pleased to say that I never used anything for stock that gave half as good satisfaction. I heartily recommend it to all owners of stock.

J. B. BELSHER, St. Louis, Mo.

Sick stock or poultry should not eat cheap stock food any more than sick persons should expect to be cured by food. When your stock and poultry are sick give them medicine. Don't stuff them with worthless stock foods. Unload the bowels and stir up the torpid liver and the animal will be cured, if it be possible to cure it. Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine unloads the bowels and stirs up the torpid liver. It cures every malady of stock if taken in time. Secure a 25-cent can of Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine and it will pay for itself ten times over. Horses work better. Cows give more milk. Hogs gain flesh. And hens lay more eggs. It solves the problem of making as much block flesh and energy as possible out of the smallest amount of food consumed. Buy a can from your dealer.

BANNER SALVE

the most healing salve in the world.

For Over Sixty Years. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists, a every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure to ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" and take no other.

DIVORCE NOTICE.

In the Circuit Court of the Sixth Judicial Circuit of Florida, in and for DeSoto County.—In Chancery. Nettie Castle vs. William H. Castle—Bill for Divorce.

To the said William H. Castle: You are hereby notified that the complainant, Nettie Castle, has filed her bill of complaint against you in the Circuit Court of the Sixth Judicial Circuit of Florida, in and for DeSoto County, on this the fourth day of November, A. D. 1902.

Now, unless you shall personally be and appear before said court on the first Monday in January, the same being the rule day of the said month, and plead answer or demur to the said bill, the same and the matters and things therein stated, will be taken as confessed, and a decree pro confesso entered against you according to the prayer thereof.

(SEAL) H. E. CARLTON, Clerk of the said court. M. L. WILLIAMS, Solicitor for the complainant.

A true copy of the original filed in this office on this the fourth day of Nov. A. D. 1902. H. E. CARLTON, Clerk of said circuit court

Arrival and Departure of Trains From Punta Gorda. Effective May 25, 1902.